



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

hear the hounds at all, and the horse seemed all as one dead beat. As to the man,—well, I never seen its aquil in all my born days; you'd say 't was the way he was drunk, or sick, or someways quare in himself, if 't was only the way he's rowl about and nearly tumble to the ground. They were just about three spades off the well, when the horse stepped dead up as if he was shot. What does my man do then, only seemingly try and coax him in every whole way he could. It was n't the laste good on earth. At last he up with his whip, and he hits him one clout. Man dear! it sounded for all the world like the blast out of a quarry; and that the two hands may stick to me if the sparks did n't fly out of his ribs like chaff out of a machine. 'T was then, you may say, he threw a lep into the air, and, as he rug up upon his hind legs, I thought every whole minute he'd be back upon his rider. When he had gone on that way for a good piece, without setting one foot nearer to the well, I heard quite plain the most elegant music in the whole wide world. It seemed louder than the strongest pipies, and all through there was a soft crawnawning, mostly like a fiddler, but a dale sweeter. And wherean before I was that dead out from the fright, I grew now boulder and boulder, till faith I did n't care so much as one happorth for ever a thing living or dead. Howsomever, I watched the man all through, and I won't belie him to your honor; whatever he was, he began to fade away, just as you'd see—the Lord between us and harm!—the fog melting away at sunrise from the mountain. Every whole minute I had harder work to see him, till when at last the music gave one long loud report, and he was gone! and if I put my two eyes on sticks, I could n't see or hear him, or his horse, or the music, for ever again."

Maurice McCarthy O'Leary.

DE SECON' FLOOD. STORY OF A NEGRO NURSE.—A correspondent sends a negro tale, calculated to illustrate the manner in which a trifling incident may receive mythologic expression and figure in a story. The narrative relates to a storm at Fortress Monroe, where the reciter lived, in a cottage opposite the engineers' quarters, locally known as "The Row," and situated directly on the beach. On stormy nights, as a great favor, she would relate her experience, to which she always gave the name of "De Secon' Flood," and related in the same words: "Hit happen on a Sat'day, dat flood did, soon in de mornin'. Tom cum to milk de cow, and fin' a mos' turrible state of affairs. Flower, she was de cow, was a stannin' in de wata', mos' ober her knees, an' dat afeard dat de po' critta' couldn' gib one drap ob milk. Tom was mos' as skeerd as de cow, when he see de shed a tremblin' like it gwine to fall. So he comed in de kitchen a hollerin' lek he los' his min', arter me: 'For de Lawd sek, mammy, git outen de baid, or you'll be drownded in de wata', hit's nigh up to de gret house, hit kibber de flo' down heah in de kitchen, de baf house is wash clean away, and seem like de cow shed is a gwine to gib away ebery blessed minit.' Si I jes gits outen de baid, an' trowed my close on dat quick dat I neber know tel long a'ter dey was on wrong side out. When I git down,

I hea' sech a drefful loud soun'. I mos' afeard to luk, 't was dat dark, hit mout be night, de wata' was a poun'in de sho', and a tumblin' agin de po'rch tel hit shek, an' ebery wabe cum nigher and nigher. I don' know which way to tu'n, but I jes kibba' meh haid, an' me an lil Nancy run tro de wata', an' seem like de win' gwine blow us in de sea afo' we reach de po'ch. Den we try our bes' to wek 'em up in de gret house, but hit didn' mek no diffrence how much noise you mek, de wata' an' win' mek mo', so nobody couldn' hea' nothin'. So I up an' say, 'Le's bus' dat do' in, afo' dey is all drownded in de wata', we mus' git to dem innocen' chillen.' Bein' as nobody was da' to unlock de do' an' ax no odds of, a'ter we bang, we tro ourse'f again' de do', tel de do' bus' open. I don' know what de gobernmen' goin' to say 'bout breakin' his locks, but we done hit. Den ole Ma'ser hea' sech a clatta', he wek, an' call down an' say, 'What you niggers mekin' so much noise an' 'fusion 'bout?' So I jes' up an' say, 'De secon' flood cum, an' if he didn' min' to be drownded, like a rat in a trap, dey had all betta' be a gittin' outen de house.' I was up dem sta'rs in less dan no time, an' try my bes', me an' my lil Nancy, to wek dem lil chillen, but dey mighty loth to mobe. When I tell 'em 'bout de wata, surroundin' de house and kiverin' de face of de uth, dey didn' b'lieve ole Mammy, 'case she done cry wo'f once too offen. So I pull 'em up an' say, 'Honey, de secon' flood is hea' sho' as you're libin', hit sutinly is. Let po' Mammy dress you afo' you git drownded in de wata.' Den dey all 'an' to be dress' fus', so we dress 'em quick as lightning. Den I tuk 'em to de winda' to luk outen hit, and when dey hea' de mighty rushin', an' a roarin' an' a tumblin' again' hit, den in co'se dey git mighty afeard, an' puts dey lil han's in Mammy's lap, an' cry so, I tell 'em to be like Mammy an' not to be skeered, nothin' couldn' hut 'em while I was da', to trus' in de Laird an' he purvide. Presenly I push de jalouses open, an' I won' nebba' forget dem monsus wabes, how dey was a dashin' an' a thunnerin' an' a rollin' so high you couldn' tell de sky from de wata', an' I mos' tink it open, an' jes fall from da'. I tout fo' sho' de las' day come lek a tief in de night. I bus' out a cryen, an' I pray berry loud, an' ax de good Laird to hab mussy on dis po' ole nigg'a', an' I sez I'll be mighty bleeged ef he 'scuse me dis time, fo' nebba' prayin' 'gainst bein' drownded in de wata'. I know I all'as hab pray 'gin de rocks an' de mountains fallin' on dis po' sinna', when I sutnly knowned da' wan no rocks an' mountains heah, but 't was case I think fo' sutten, dat Massa Noah dun settle 'bout de wata' an' de flood mid de rainbow, long time ago, when de fus' flood cum. While life lasses, ef I'm spard dis time, I won' pay no mo' 'tention to rainbows, case dis sutnly prob' dey ain' no truf 'bout 'em." The narrator continued her relation in the same manner.

Mrs. E. T. Boag.